

## Barton County Democrat.

STOKE AND FEDER, PUBLIS. AND PROPS.  
WILL E. STOKES, EDITOR AND MANAGER.  
GREAT BEND, KANSAS

### HIS COURSE IN LETTERS.

The first year of his college course he won the letters B. B. C. To wear upon his saucy cap—The baseball club right-fielder, he.

A sophomore, he next secured As tribute to his growing knowledge, Two crossed oars, and the letter N—The navy symbols of his college.

The third year he obtained A. U.—Athletic Union; this relates To skill upon the cinder track, To vaulting and to throwing weights.

The fourth year, faithful to his aim, He boasted still another letter, Presented to him with eclat, Upon a heavy football sweater.

A course in letters he pursued, As college records guarantee, And who can blame him if, at last, He somehow failed to get A. B.?—Edwin L. Sabin, in Brooklyn Life.

## MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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### CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Really," said I falteringly, "I do not think that you should expect me not to let my rooms when I can. They have stood unoccupied so long, I must let them when possible—"

"Oh, have you only just let it? Was it when I was asleep?"

"Yes," said I. "The stranger came just after you lay down. He looks like the room and I shall have to let him have it. He will pay me well; he pays more than you do, and I cannot afford to lose him."

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, he's pleasant faced."

"Clean shaven?"

"No," said I. "He has whiskers and a mustache."

"I hate a man with whiskers," she exclaimed. "What is his name?"

The same question he had asked about her.

"I really don't know," said I. "He is coming back with his credentials to-morrow."

"And you take a boarder, an utter stranger into your house without even asking his name. He might murder me all alone down here."

"I forgot," said I; "but you forget that I do not know yours."

The girl's face flushed.

"No," she said, "you do not. Well then, Jo—Josephine Dacres. I ought to have told you before. But I'm a woman. This is a man—among lone women—in the room next to this."

"He's a harmless newspaper man," said I.

"And I'm a helpless woman." I glanced at the dressing case. "J. A. D." said I. "What does the 'A' stand for?"

"I can't see that that makes any difference."

"No, it makes no difference at all, only I can't see why—"

"Why I shouldn't tell you my whole name? Well, I don't suppose there is any reason exactly. It's Amaranthe."

"Amaranthe?" I exclaimed, "Amaranthe?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Nothing," said I. "I've heard the name before, that's all. It's a singular name, one you do not often hear."

"Yes," said she, "an odd name. I don't think that I ever knew another person who was named 'Amaranthe.' She put her hand to her head with a weary gesture. "I declare I get so tired sometimes that I almost forget who I am. Yes, I am Josephine Amaranthe Dacres. I ought to have told you when I first came, I suppose. Well, good-by, I am going."

She picked up the dress-suit case from the floor.

"Going? Going where?" said I, agitated, partly because I hated to lose my boarder, and partly because the money paid in advance had part of it been sent to Tom, and part of it by our old factotum, Baldy Towner, to the store for flour, potatoes, sugar and butter, coffee, tea and such like necessities. Our credit was not particularly good in those days.

"Don't go," I said. "Don't, don't! I don't believe he'll bother you at all. It is likely that you will never see him. He hated the idea of your being here as much as you hate the idea of his being here. He wants quiet too."

"It's an awfully comfortable bed," said the girl, with a succession of yawns. "Well, if you promise me he won't have men in there, drinking and carousing, I'll stay my week out anyway. I wish I had some slippers. I must send for my—no, I won't; I won't send for anything until I've seen that man and found out how he's going to behave. When can I see him without his seeing me?"

"He said he'd come out to-morrow morning," said I. "He's very inoffensive, I'm certain. All he wants is peace and quiet, and I'm sure if you just want it, you're sure to get it." Just here there was a thumping on the floor overhead from Aunt Jane Mary's cane. My boarder jumped and looked over her shoulder.

"What is that?" she gasped.

"Only my invalid aunt. She thumps for me in that way."

"Well, don't let her do it again," she said sharply. "Tell her, please, my nerves won't stand it."

"She was very anxious to know," said I, "whom you had nursed last."

"Whom I had nursed?"

"Yes, the dead man, don't you know? She'll ask me again as soon as I go up."

"The dead man?" she repeated, looking at me nervously.

"Why, the man you told me you came from, through the mud—"

"I never told you anything of the—oh yes! I know now what you mean. The man who was taken suddenly. Yes, oh, no, he had nothing contagious—nothing catching, I assure you. He just died, tell your poor aunt, from want of breath, nothing else. Tell your aunt so, but tell her also, please, that I cannot stand sudden noises. I have been worn out with my profession, and no one needs rest more than I do."

She went to the window giving on the side piazza and opened it, and stood there leaning out and drinking in the fresh April air.

"Shall I close the door?" I asked.

There was no answer. I approached her softly and laid my hand on her shoulder. "Shall I?"

"How dare you?" She turned furiously, shaking all over. Her face and lips were colorless. "How dare you, or—or at least, you made me start. Don't do that again. I am very, very nervous. Can't you see how nervous I am?—on the very verge of nervous prostration. We must have an understanding." Here Aunt Jane Mary thumped again. "Run! run quickly and tell her to stop it. At once, do you hear?"

"You little know my Aunt Jane Mary," began I.

"And I hope I shall know her less," said she. "There is just this much about it. Even if the man does not prove disagreeable when I see him, I shall not remain a moment if that racket overhead is to continue. Tell her so, if you please." And I ran up the stairs wondering what I should do about the five-dollar bill which Baldy Towner was probably changing at that moment over the counter of the country store, not to mention the other five which was in his pocket in the letter on the way to my dear boy Tom.

### CHAPTER II.

I gave the young woman her early dinner, and then left her to rest for the afternoon. I had little time to spare for strangers, and so long as I gave her what I had bargained to give, I felt that I could not be expected to do more. When Baldy Towner returned from the store, I set him to work cleaning the shoes that I had brought out from the lower front. He was not over-pleased about it but I saw that there might be much of it to do, so I was firm, in the very first instance. I said:

"Baldy Towner, you need not look so unpleasant. Those are the shoes of my boarder who came to-day. She evidently roams about the country a good deal, and doubtless her boots will often be muddy, perhaps worse than they are to-day. They must be cleaned, and—"

"Why sh'd I do it?" returned Baldy Towner crossly.

"I might have returned, 'And why should I?' but I said, 'Who else is there to do it?—Miss Jane Mary?' The humor of the second part of my sentence seemed to strike Baldy Towner as a huge joke. He really laughed for the third time that year."

I did not smile, however, I put on my most severe expression. "I have enough to do," said I, "without cleaning shoes. I am sure the Judge never anticipates—"

"I don't spose he did," said Baldy Towner. "Then why didn't the Judge leave ye more wealthy off?"

"That's enough, Baldwin Towner," said I. "I'm tired, and worried, and—"

"So be it. But I'll clean them shoes, if ye say so, Miss Brathwaite."

"Thank you, Baldy Towner," said I, and fled incontinently, for fear that he might change his mind.

I gave the young woman her tea in the dining-room across the hall. She seemed very well pleased with the young chicken and the nice rhubarb sauce, the rhubarb for which I had cut from the kitchen garden. I was low in my mind about that young chicken, but I had forgotten meat for tea when I sent Baldy Towner away so hurriedly, and that chicken had to be sacrificed. Well, I had sacrificed more in my life than one little pullet, and probably I should be called upon to make much greater sacrifices.

My guest was retiring early. I heard her bolt her door by half after eight o'clock, and I, weary with my day's work, went upstairs to my room over the parlor. Aunt Jane Mary rang her bell just as I had closed my door—her room was across the hall from mine—and I went to her, though I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and after I had attended to her wants, which took nearly an hour and a half—giving electricity is tiresome work—I went back to my room. I put out my light and lay down, but I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed full in my face. I hid my eyes in the pillow; I pulled the sheet up over my nose. There was no use trying; I must get up, tired as I was, and close the blinds. I raised the window very softly so as not to awake Aunt Jane Mary. I stretched out my hand for the lamp of the blind, when I thought that I heard the sound of voices.

Yes, it was true. Standing under the great elm in front of the gate were two figures. As near as I could make out, they were those of a man and a woman. I strained my ears to

hear what they were saying, for I could not understand why anyone should choose the shelter of our old elm as a meeting-place. Could it be Baldy Towner? Perhaps his wife, Glorianna, had come over from Waukegan Town to try and persuade him to return. Baldy was very stubborn, and Glorianna had not behaved any too well, and Baldy Towner had said to me only the day before, "I want, I want, I want g' back. She can write, and she can send, and even come. I know when I'm well off. I shouldn't be well off there, and though I'm kinder poor off here in some ways, I'd be poor off if I's to g' back and let her lick me ag'in."

Baldy Towner stood fully six feet two in his stockings, and Glorianna was a slim little creature. I despised his weak resolve! What Glorianna really needed was what Aunt



I THOUGHT THAT I HEARD THE SOUND OF VOICES.

Jane Mary called a "special good trouncing" from Baldy Towner and an assertion on his part as to who was the head of the family, but it was not to my interest to say so. I could not get along without him. My heart sank within me as I heard the murmur, and I wondered if she would really persuade him to go back to her and Waukegan Town and his beatings.

I crouched in the window, listening, but though I strained my ears to the aching point, I caught no distinct word. Finally the man stooped and put his hands on the woman's shoulders. He kissed her. Oh, dear! Then the reconciliation was complete. He would leave me on the morrow. What should I do, with the marketing to attend to, the cooking to do, the beds to make, the house to keep clean, not to speak of the shoes!—the muddy shoes!

"Good-night," I did hear that much, and, then, instead of the woman going away, it was the man, who drew towards him a wheel, which had been leaning against the tree in the shadow. "I'll be over in the morning," I heard him say. "All right," answered the woman's voice, and she turned and opened my own gate, and came along up the gravel-path, no, not the path, she walked on the grass.

Of course, I knew now who it was, and why she had walked on the grass. Naturally she did not wish anyone to know of her midnight assignation. Well, I would see that she had no more of them. My house, Aunt Jane Mary's rather, should not be used as a rendezvous for such creatures as she. I would tell her so in the morning. I would give her warning. Of course, she must eat up and sleep out her ten dollar's worth, but as soon as that debt was paid she should leave the house and never set foot inside it again. I listened and heard her come in at the front door, lock it softly and go into her own room. If she shot the bolt of her door, it was unheard by me. Well, no matter. She should have warning before breakfast.

I spent a restless night. My room was opposite Aunt Jane Mary's, over the parlor and across the hall from my lower-front's bedchamber. I wondered if Aunt Jane Mary had heard the movement in the house. However, I was almost certain that she had not, or I should have been called by the tinkle of the bell. I was now hopelessly awake, and lay tossing in my bed, furious with myself, my boarder, and everyone else—more angry than anything with the fact that I should need all the rest that I could obtain to spur me up to the stand that I was going to take in the morning. I dropped asleep a little before daylight, and on awakening found that I was a half-hour late. Oh, dear, there was so much to do! Where should I begin? I dressed hastily and ran down the stairs.

My boarder was evidently up, for her door was open, her bedclothes thrown back, and the room airing in a manner to suit the most particular of housekeepers. This somewhat mollified me towards her, but still I was determined that she should go, and that I would tell her as soon as I had the time. She nodded to me as I looked out of the door, for she sat there, calmly rocking in my chair, looking unblushingly at the morning sun as it rose over Farmer Barker's hickorynut wood. She had on her feet a pair of loose slippers. Her shoes, well cleaned, were standing within the door of her room.

"I thought you hadn't any slippers?" said I.

"Good-morning," said Miss Dacres politely. This made me conscious at once of my own rudeness.

"Good-morning," said I. "Excuse my remark, but you know you told me yesterday—"

"Yes, so I did. Well, I've got them since, I—"

"I have no time to talk now," said I, "but please to understand that when

your breakfast is eaten, I shall be glad to see you in the parlor."

"You are very kind," returned Miss Dacres, in the tone one uses when accepting an agreeable invitation. "I will come with pleasure. I never sew, you know, I am only here for a rest."

"You need not sew," said I, "and you need not remain long."

"What?" said she. "I don't understand your tone. I—"

I ran down the steps and round into the back yard.

"Baldy Towner," said I, wishing to make sure before I went any further, though I certainly did hear her come into the house, "have you and Glorianna made up?"

"Nor never will in this blessed world," said Baldy Towner.

"Is the fire made?" said I, running towards the hen-roost.

"It be," called Baldy Towner after me, as he went to the well for water.

I found three or four fine eggs, went back into the kitchen, prepared Miss Dacres' breakfast, and called her into the dining room.

I waited on her in silence, and then left the room, asking her to ring when she wanted anything else.

She did not seem blessed with a large appetite. Indeed, in looking at her, it seemed to me that she must be very delicate. There were large black circles round her blue eyes, and her face appeared more sorrow than it had on the last evening. Now that she had discarded her felt hat, I saw that all her hair was short, thick, and curly.

"I see you are looking at my hair," said she to me when I came in, bringing her a glass of cold water, which Baldy Towner had just drawn from the well. "I wear it so because it is easier for me, and much neater in my profession. I am always dressed. I just run a comb through it and shake it out. First though, I stick it in a bucket of water."

"It looks just like a boy's," said I. "Yes, that's what they all say. I've often wished that I had been born a man. They have the dead wood on us, don't you think so?"

"The—" My tone was interrogative.

"Dead wood, the dead wood. Oh, you don't understand! I catch all sorts of slang from my brothers; you can't help it when you're the only girl. You see when a patient calls me, my hair is always neat and tidy, or I can make it so in the jerk of a ram's tail—I mean, in the small space of a minute, and then I don't waste any time with curl papers, and—"

"If you have finished your breakfast," said I, "I should like to see you in the parlor."

[To Be Continued.]

### PAGANS IN SCOTLAND.

Nails Driven Into an Ancient Oak Tree as Offerings by Invalid Pilgrims.

Nearly all travelers in central Africa have referred to the curious customs prevalent among almost all pagan native tribes, of driving quantities of nails into sacred trees and other objects that have been adjudged worthy of veneration; and this not in malice, but as a religious rite, the nails in question being intended as votive offerings, says Stray Stories.

Exactly the same thing may be witnessed to-day at the sacred well of St. Maebhrubha, in Loch Maree Ross shire, where is an ancient oak tree studded with countless nails of all sizes, the offerings of invalid pilgrims who came to worship and be cured.

Pennies and half-pennies also are to be seen in enormous quantities driven edgewise in the tough bark; and a friend of the writer's who visited the spot some little time back discovered in a cleft high up in the trunk what he took to be a shilling.

On being extracted, however, it proved to be counterfeit. Probably the donor, finding that he could get no value for his coin in the natural world, concluded he might as well try, as a last resource, what effect it might have in the spiritual.

Of course, the poor cottars and others who flock to St. Maebhrubha with their nails and their pence do not for a moment admit that they are assisting at a pagan ceremony. But they most undoubtedly are.

Well worship has always occupied an important place in paganism; and the sacred oak, before which each pilgrim must thrice kneel ere humbly presenting his offering—what is it but an obvious survival of the sacred groves of druidical times?

### Her Brand.

A correspondent writes: "Two women were strong supporters of a local co-operative store; but one day, as one of them was passing down the street, she was surprised to see her friend coming out of a licensed grocer's shop. 'I thought, Mrs. Brown, ye wis a member o' the Co.'? was her remark. 'I am; but, da ye ken there's na shop in Glesca I get sic nice beef ham as in here.' Some days later Mrs. Brown's friend went into this shop to buy a sample of the beef ham. On entering the shop she asked the man if he would give her a 'pun' o' the beef ham Mrs. Brown gets here. A quiet smile stole over the shopman's face. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'I can oblige you. Have you brocht abottle wi' you?'—Glasgow Evening Times.

### What She Mist.

Captain—We ran into a dense fog last night.

Miss Touriste—How strange! Why the shock never woke me up!

### WORDS OF THE BIBLE COUNTED

Spanish Prisoner Confined for Thirty-Three Years Performed the Remarkable Task.

It is well known that the number of letters, words, verses, etc., contained in the Bible have been counted, but by whom, when, or where, is not generally known. Treat's publication, entitled "Curiosities of the Bible," speaks of the occurrence as being of Spanish origin, and that the prince of Granada, fearing usurpation, caused the arrest of the supposed would-be usurper, and by order of the Spanish crown he was thrown into an old prison called the place of skulls, situated in Madrid, where he was confined for 33 years, with no other companion than the rats, mice and other vermin that frequented his dismal cell, says the Boston Herald.

During his confinement he counted the letters, etc., contained in the Bible, and scratched the several numbers on the stone walls with a nail. When his work was discovered he was furnished with writing utensils and ordered to make a copy of the results of his long and tedious task, and, on its being completed, he finally received his liberty.

The following is a correct copy of his great work:

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,193 chapters and 66 books.

The word and occurs 10,684 times, the word Lord 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word reverend but once, which is in the ninth verse of the One Hundred and Eleventh psalm.

The middle verse is the eight verse of the One Hundred and Eighteenth psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter j.

The first chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The most beautiful chapter is the Twenty-third psalm. The nineteenth chapter of II. Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The four most inspiring promises are to be found in the sixth chapter of St. John, thirty-seventh verse, and fourteenth chapter, second verse; also eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, and the Thirty-Seventh psalm, fourth verse.

The longest verse is the ninth verse, eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John.

There are ten chapters in the book of Esther in which the words Lord and God do not occur. The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the One Hundred and Seventh psalm are alike. Each verse of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth psalm end alike. The One Hundred and Seventeenth psalm contains but two verses, the One Hundred and Nineteenth psalm contains 176 verses. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

It has also been discovered by some person unknown that in Joel, third chapter, third verse, the word girl occurs, and in the eighth chapter of Zachariah, fifth verse, the word girl's is mentioned for the only time in the whole Book.

The eighth chapter of Esther, ninth verse, contains 52 t's. The word snow appears 24 times in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

### NEWLY RICH ON PARADE.

People Not Accustomed to Wealth Try to Put on a Great "Front" in Public.

Two men, an elderly one and a flapper-looking young fellow, stood in front of one of the big hotels on Michigan avenue the other afternoon watching the continuous parade of turnouts, the racing automobiles and the stream of pedestrians, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"I never get tired looking at 'em," the elderly man finally said to his companion. "I've been at it for ten years, and still I am standing here watching the crowd go by. I have become an expert in separating the genuinely prosperous from the seemingly prosperous, and the staid, old, wealthy people from the horde of newly rich."

"Now, just wait a minute. There goes a fellow I've seen 10,000 times. That auto is a new one. He's not the least bit stuck up over it, however, for he has been rich all his life, and the new playthings never turn his head. He's like a child that is given a new toy every day. He is glad to get the machine, but it is only one of a thousand novelties, and he thinks little of it."

"But, look at the man and woman in that carriage. I've seen him a few times of late. I don't know what his name is, nor his business, nor where he lives, but he hasn't been used to money very long. See what a 'front' he is trying to put on. He is sure everybody is watching him. See that. I knew the woman would turn and look when she passed those large plate-glass mirrors, and she can see just how swell the whole outfit looks. They all do it, that is, all the newly rich. I've seen them countless times turn and look at their own images in that very row of windows."

"I sometimes wish I were poor again, so that I could feel my importance after becoming rich. It's a great feeling, and I suppose there was a day when I also craved my neck to peep in at the windows."

### Not Profitable.

Some men play to the grand stand, and do not accomplish much.—Athens Globe.

### Sickness Made Them Generous.

When the government ship Dolphin was coming home from Cuba, carrying Secretary of War Moody, Senator Hale, of the naval committee, and Speaker-elect Cannon, some rough weather was encountered. Just previous to the coming of the storm the steamer named had been discussing the proposed building of six battleships. Messrs. Hale and Cannon succumbed to seasickness. When his suffering had become too intense to be borne any longer in silence "Uncle Joe" called out to Secretary Moody: "Say, Moody, if you will get us to shore quickly, I'll give you six battleships next year."

"I will make a better bill than that," exclaimed Senator Hale. "I'll favor 20 battleships if the secretary will only keep this ship still for half an hour."—Kansas City Journal.

### A Tight Squeeze.

Brazil, Ark., May 11th.—To be smothered from the very brink of the grave is a somewhat thrilling experience, and one which Mrs. M. O. Garrett of this place has just passed through.

Mrs. Garrett suffered with a Cerebro-spinal affection, and had been treated by the best physicians, but without the slightest improvement.

For the last twelve months two doctors were in constant attendance, but she only grew worse and worse, till she could not walk, and did not have any power to move at all.

She was so low that for the greater part of the time she was perfectly unconscious of what was going on about her, and her heart-broken husband and friends were hourly expecting her death.

The doctors had given up all hope and no one thought she could possibly live. In this extremity Mr. Garrett sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a last hope, but happily it did not fail.

Mrs. Garrett used in all six boxes of the remedy, and is completely cured. She says: "I am doing my own work now, and feel as well as ever I did. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved me from death."

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Life, however, short, is made still shorter by waste of time.—Johnson.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good store everywhere.

A very light fad may lead a man to a very dark fate.—Ram's Horn.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes produce the brightest and fastest colors.

Life will give out what you live into it.—Ram's Horn.

### TIRED BACKS

Come to all who overtax the Kidney.

Don't neglect the aching back. Many dangerous Kidney troubles follow its wake.

Mrs. C. B. Pare of Columbia Ave., Glasgow, Kentucky, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: "When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States upon application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

There is no slicker like TOWER'S FISH BRAND. Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the buttons.

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Robins are here drink Hires Rootbeer

The greatest spring tonic. A pack makes a man of a weakling. Sold everywhere. For a full description of the product, send for a copy of the Hires Rootbeer.

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